

Black Jack Daisy

BLACK JACK DAISY 5109 B1

Mrs. Myra Pitkin Arvin, 1941

Saddle up my old gray mule The sorrel is not so speedy I'll ride along this lonesome night
A-looking for my lady A-looking for my lady.

I rode till I come to the river side And there I spied my lady Sitting on the banks of the river
A-talkin' to the Black Jack Daisy A-talkin' to Black Jack Daisy.

Will you forsake your own true love Will you forsake your baby Will you forsake your own
true love For to go with Black Jack Daisy For to go with Black Jack Daisy?

Yes I'll forsake my own true love Yes I'll forsake my baby Yes I'll forsake my own true love
For to go with Black Jack Daisy For to go with Black Jack Daisy.

Take off take off those skyblue gloves All made of Spanish leather And give to me your lily
white hand To bid farewell forever To bid farewell forever.

Yes I'll pull off those sky blue gloves All made of Spanish leather And give to you my lily
white hand To bid farewell forever To bid farewell forever.

Last night she slept on a snowwhite bed By the side of me and the baby Tonight she
sleeps on the cold cold ground By the side of Black Jack Daisy By the side of Black Jack
Daisy.